

Magazine Feature Section

This Girl Turned Out The Lights on the "GREAT WHITE WAY"

Broadway Has Been Comparatively Good Since Eugenia Kelly, an 18 Year-Old Millionairess Revealed the Real Story of Gotham's Notorious Street—Read What "Ma" Kelly Says About It

There is gloom six inches deep along Broadway, that great place of gaiety in New York. The lights no longer shine brightly and are extinguished at 1 a. m., and the tangoists dance to subdued strains—since "Ma" Kelly put the lid on the night life of that great thoroughfare.

Broadway is under the rigid inspection of the whole United States. From the woods of Maine to the everglades of Florida people have read about the evil of the great New York thoroughfare and about Miss Eugenia Kelly, heir to a million, styled the naughtiest girl on Broadway, now repentant and in seclusion.

Eugenia is 18 years old. She has all kinds of money to spend—in fact the night life has cost her \$35,000 a year or thereabouts. Eugenia, according to her mother who went to court and asked that she be declared incorrigible and sent to the House of Correction, used to turn on the bright lights in the evening and stay up to 5 a. m., to turn them out.

As the lamplighter goes out in the evening to light the lamps and then returns at sun-up to extinguish them, so went Eugenia Kelly regularly forth from her mother's home at night to see that Broadway was brilliantly lighted during the night. Eugenia remained to add to the gaiety and stayed up till 5 a. m., when the last tangoists departed to practically turn out the lights of Broadway to admit the light of the day.

TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY.

Eugenia, her mother told the court, turned night into day. While others bid welcome to the day and farewell to the night, "the prettiest girl on Broadway," bade the day good night at the rising of the sun and welcomed the night as her day.

It was with Eugenia as Raymond Hitchcock once sang: "In the morning when I wake I'm nearly dead, but when day turns into night I begin to feel alright—Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make."

All the publicity about Eugenia Kelly came out when her mother asked the court to declare her incorrigible. The mother in her testimony and in that of her witnesses, gave Broadway a very sore and discolored eye.

The alleged wickedness of this New York street and its gay cafes was bared to the world in a way that even dear old New York was not accustomed to, and as a result its affairs have not only been spread broadcast through the United States but a morality squad has placed a lid on Broadway and is sitting tightly upon it.

Investigation revealed that Broadway tolerates most anything. In some cafes are rich society women meeting their lovers, in others are cocaine users and other habitués of drugs who openly admit their depraved habits and who seek to elevate the habit to an art. In other places there are those who gather only to tango—tango all night, of course. Still other places hold men and women of all classes who gather to drink the bubbling champagne and to devote the night to preparing

for tomorrow morning's or rather tomorrow afternoon's headache.

SUCH A HEADACHE!

Of course, headache is the chief asset of Broadway. A man or woman may leave a cafe declaring the waiter has cheated them outrageously, but no one goes without that little souvenir—next morning's headache. In fact the headache is the measure with which Broadway fixes the pleasure allotted to each of its customers. After a night spent there should you awaken feeling spry you may curse the street and say you had a tiresome time. If your head bulges as if it were about to break, if you have to cool your pained brow with ice, if your stomach revolts at the mere thought of food and if it takes several days to recover, then you may feel assured you had "a good time."

Eugenia Kelly, her mother de-

clared in court, saw all the sport that Broadway and its gay lights afforded. She mingled with artists and incidentally when "Ma" Kelly started out to show the street up in its right light—the light of day and publicity that displays each red blotch on a woman's cheek as unmistakably a work of art and paint box and each bottle of bubbling champagne as the origin of so many headaches and each proprietor as a man who makes money catering to the tastes of others, who makes night life so attractive they have no desire for home, who praise the bubbles and the wine as a sweet penitence. She did it. She dragged Broadway into daylight. She showed it not as it looks at midnight in the height of gaiety but as it appears at noon with the sun shining down upon it. She pictured the women and men slumbering away in their homes, victims of too many highballs and cocktails. She told of the

headaches they suffer when they awaken, and of the lost appetites that make them shun food. She showed Broadway cafes at that hour of the day to be reeking with the stench of wines and cigarettes, ashes and dirt on the floor, table clothes stained with liquor, chairs broken.

The orchestras were gone in the light of day and only the pianos—those automatic affairs that play doleful spasmodic music for a nickel placed in the slot and shame the owner so that he wishes he never invented one—only they remain as signs and emblems of that gay musical life of the night before when the lady at the table to the right, abandonly smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke in the face of her escort, made eyes at the orchestra leader and felt she was in love with him.

The walls that the night before were so harmonious with the lights,

today are dull and smoke-stained and the lights are begrimed and the furnishings of the cafe are unsightly. In the light of day Broadway appears as a skeleton shorn of all its fleshly adornments and only its unsightly bones remaining.

AND WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

Eugenia Kelly's mother told all about this and the girls and women who were wanted to come to court and tell that Broadway is not wicked, failed to show.

"Oh, the cats," said Eugenia Kelly when they did not appear. "They say they are afraid of the notoriety and wouldn't come to court to help me prove my case. What do you think of them for friends?"

Eugenia will inherit \$1,000,000 in 18 months. She now is living at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Hill Thomas, whose first husband was Frank Gould, at Sandy Point, L. I. Her mother, who brought the complaint was the widow of Edward Kelly son of a New York banker.

She charged that her daughter associated with Broadway boudiers, users of cocaine and cabaret performers of both sexes, stayed out until 5 a. m., was unchaperoned and contended that no one but a "dead one" could live in New York without visiting four to six cafes on Broadway each night and remaining out until 5 a. m., to tango.

The mother also charged that her daughter, out of convent but two years, lost or disposed of a \$10,000 necklace on Broadway and spent her entire income in keeping the champagne corks popping.

"Only a mother can understand what I have suffered," Mrs. Kelly told the court, "I often have left home at 2 or 3 a. m., to search through the Broadway cafes for my daughter. I would return at 4 a. m. to find her in bed. She refused to see the error of her ways and I lost control of her."

"Some day she will see the error of her ways. She will understand that the people who do things are the ones who get up early in the morning and go to bed at night."

MAGISTRATE WAS TOUCHED.

The magistrate that heard the mother's accusations not against

her daughter but against Broadway itself, was touched. It was not so much this millionairess that was in his mind but the many women and girls, who without money and fine clothes, might be lured to Broadway and there be made slaves through their desires for the things other women there possessed.

Eugenia Kelly promised her mama that she would be good and shun Broadway. She was taken from court and forgiven. But still there remained that blemish on New York night life. The word had gone forth. The Kelly case had started the ball a-rolling. Police were notified to exercise a more careful watch over the place and as a result Broadway is quiet—very quiet. Its very existence is in the balance. Broadway long has catered to men and women of various tastes and has been permitted to follow the ways and rules that are known only to Broadway.

But when it came a matter of considering the case of a wealthy young girl, Broadway changed its aspect considerably. Certainly, many a mother has protested its ways when her daughter came home to her drunk from its wines or ruined from the indulgence it permits. But their complaints never were listened to by the police. Broadway had the prerogative of taking young girls and doing as it pleased with them and grinding them in its iron maws, tearing down the barriers of their training and making them fit for association with others on Broadway, until the Kelly case came up.

Broadway has been shown a place of wickedness and its very existence is now threatened in a "White Way" sense. Berlin and Paris have lost their attractions for bonvivants since the war and now even Broadway is threatened. There is a lid on the tango places and Broadway is closing early so that the saloon and cafes may retain their licenses.

A Roorback.

"Mister, said the native to the traveling man, who had driven into the village of Wayback, 'have you seen this here demmycratic platform that they 'dopted?'"

"Yes."

"Dye remember much that's in it?"

The traveling man gave a general sketch of the platform while

the native listened with interest. "Is that all?" he asked when the stranger had finished.

"Practically yes."

"Haven't forgot mebbe, where it says that Bill Spivvers is to have the postoffice at Wayback?"

"No such thing as that in the platform."

"An' don't it say that Missus Bill Spivvers is to be assistant postmaster, with a salary of \$500 a year an' a new dress every summer from the patent office?"

"Why, no."

"An' are you sure it don't say that Jeems Henry Spivvers is to have a free delivery route?"

"They don't put such things in political platforms."

"Nor it don't say that the demmycratic party pledges itself, its lifeblood, an' its strong right arm to wrest from the pension bureau a pension for that noble hero, Bill Spivvers of Wayback?"

"No, indeed. Who ever gave you such an impression?"

"Mister, are you givin' it to me straight about this here platform?"

"I certainly am."

"Then, by Heck, Pete Canby don't get my vote nor none o' my kin's vote. He told me he'd got the demmycrats to put all that in the platform an' if I'd vote fer him an' help elect the ticket I'd get the postoffice for life, an' have a govment pass on the railroads, too. Drat his hide! Such actions is a heap site wuss than brinin' a man."

And he hurried out of the store to pass the word among his kin that Pete Canby had basely deceived them.

Mechanical Agriculture.

"See that heavy set, fellow over there?" asks the man with the twisted nose.

"You mean the one with the working clothes on?" asks the man with the insect freckles.

"Yes. He raised forty thousand bushels of potatoes last year."

"You don't say. He must have made some money."

"Not much. I understand he made an average of a dollar and a half a day."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. He raised them on a freight elevator in a commission house."

The Course of Culture.

"And so your race is gradually becoming civilized," says the tourist to the chieftain of the savage tribe on the remote and almost inaccessible island.

The chieftain proudly twines a pair of suspenders about his high silk hat, and replies:

"Indeed, yes. There seems to be no cessation of the wave of culture that struck our isle about two years ago. Why, now we even call our tomtoms Thomas-Thomases."



MISS EUGENIA KELLY SNAPPED ON WAY TO COURT.